

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

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No. 21.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

FROM THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQR.

TO MR. PARK.

West-Underwood, April 27, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE now merely to prevent any suspicion in your mind that I neglect you. I have been very ill, and for more than a fortnight unable to use the pen, or you should have heard long ere now of the safe arrival of your packet. I have revised the elegy on Seduction, but have not as yet been able to proceed farther. The best way of returning these which I have now on hand, will be to return them with those which you propose to send hereafter. I will make no more apologies for any liberties that it may seem necessary to me to take with your copies. Why do you send them but that I may exercise that freedom of which the very act of sending them implies your permission? I will only say therefore that you must neither be impatient, nor even allow yourself to think me tardy, since assuredly I will not be more so than I needs must be. My hands are pretty full: Milton must be forwarded, and is at present hardly begun; and I have, beside, a numerous correspondence which engrosses more of my time than I can at present well afford to it.

I cannot decide with myself whether the lines in which the reviewers are so smartly noticed, had better be expunged or not. Those lines are gracefully introduced and well written, for which reasons I should be loath to part with them. On the other hand, how far it may be prudent to irritate a body of critics, who certainly much influence the public opinion, may deserve consideration. It may be added too that they are not all equally worthy of the lash: there are among them men of real learning, judgment, and candour. I must leave it therefore to your own determination.

I thank you for Thomson's epitaph,* on which I have only to remark (and I am sure that I do it not in a captious spirit) that since the poet is himself the speaker, I cannot but question a little the propriety of the quotation. It is a prayer, and when the man is buried, the time of prayer is over. I know it may be answered, that it is placed there merely for the benefit of the reader; but all readers of tombstones are not wise enough to be trusted for such interpretation.

I was well pleased with your poem on ** and equally well pleased with your intention not to publish it. I prove two points of con-

* An Epitaph on Thompson, transmitted to Mr. Cowper, was drawn up by Lord Buchan, and (after some slight alterations) engraved on a brass tablet, and placed over the poet's grave in Richmond church. The following is a copy: and it deserves to be remembered, as the fact is not recorded, that the vestry dispensed with the customary fee of ten guineas, in testimony of respect for the departed bard.

" In the earth below this tablet
Are the remains of
JAMES THOMPSON;
Author of the beautiful poems entitled
'The Seasons,' 'Castle of Indolence,' &c.
Who died at Richmond on the 27th day of
August,
And was buried here on the 29th (old stile)
1748.

The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man

And sweet a poet should be without a memorial,

Has denoted the place of his interment
For the satisfaction of his admirers;
In the year of our Lord 1792.

' Father of light and life! thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself,
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue
pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

WINTER.

sequence to an author. Both that you have an exuberant fancy, and discretion enough to know how to deal with it. The man is as formidable for his ludicrous talent as he has made himself contemptible by his use of it. to despise him therefore is natural, but it is wise to do it in secret.

Since the juvenile poems of Milton were edited by Warton, you need not trouble yourself to send them. I have them of his edition already.

I am, dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

WM. COWPER.

TO THE SAME.

West-Underwood, July 20, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I have been long silent, and must now be short. My time since I wrote last has been almost wholly occupied in suffering. Either indisposition of my own, or of the dearest friend I have, has so entirely engaged my attention, that, except the revision of the two elegies you sent me long since, I have done nothing; nor do I at present foresee the day when I shall be able to do any thing. Should Mrs. Unwin recover sufficiently to undertake a journey, I have promised Mr. Hayley to close the summer with a visit to him at Earham. At the best, therefore, I cannot expect to proceed in my main business till the approach of winter. I am thus thrown so much into the arrear respecting Milton, that I already despair of being ready at the time appointed, and so I have told my employer.

I need not say that the drift of this melancholy preface is to apprise you that you must not expect dispatch from me. Such expedition as I can use I will, but I believe you must be very patient.

It was only one year that I gave to drawing, for I found it an employment hurtful to my eyes, which have always been weak and subject to inflammation. I finished my attempt in this way with three small landscapes which I presented to a lady. These may perhaps exist, but I have now no correspon-

dence with the fair proprietor. Except these, there is nothing remaining to show that I ever aspired to such an accomplishment.

The hymns in the Olney collection marked (C) are all of my composition except one, which bears that initial by a mistake of the Printer. Not having the book at hand, I cannot now say which it is.

Wishing you a pleasant time at Margate, and assuring you that I shall receive, with great pleasure, any drawing of yours with which you may favour me, and give it a distinguished place in my very small collection.

I remain, dear Sir,

Much and sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(concluded.)

His confidence in his powers rendered him proud and imperious; and some of his productions show great laxity of principle, though it is affirmed that his conduct was sufficiently regular. He had openly renounced his belief in the christian religion, one effect of which was to render the idea of suicide no longer an object of horror to him. A declared intention of this kind was the immediate cause of his leaving the service of Mr. Lambert, the person to whom he was apprenticed. Upon his desk was found a paper, entitled, "The last will and testament of Thomas Chatterton," in which he avowed his determination to put an end to his life on the following day, which was Easter Sunday, 1770. On discovering it, Mr. Lambert immediately dismissed him from his house and service, in which he had lived two years and upwards of nine months. As he did not then put this threat into execution, it is probable that it was an artifice to obtain his dismissal; especially as he had frequently before terrified Mr. Lambert's mother and the servants with similar intimations. He had acquired so little law in this situation, that he was unable to draw up a legal discharge from his apprenticeship.

London was now the great object of his views, as the only proper mart for his abilities; and an intimate friend of Chatterton has furnished us with his own account of his plans for the metropolis. "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way: the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt: but should I, contrary to expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a

new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol." This is certainly not the language of a simple-ingenious youth, "smit with the love of sacred song."—a Beattie's minstrel, as some of Chatterton's sentimental admirers have chosen to paint him. On his arrival in London, he applied to the booksellers, his former correspondents, and immediately engaged in a variety of literary labours, which required equal industry and versatility of parts. A history of England, a history of London, a magazine, essays in the daily papers, and songs for the public gardens, were his actual or projected tasks. Above all, party politics were his darling pursuit. He connected himself as intimately as he could with the patriots of the day; and was extravagantly elated with an introduction to the celebrated city magistrate, Mr. Beckford. Soon finding however, that money was scarce on the opposition side, he observed to a friend, that "he was a poor author who could not write on both sides;" and he was not long in adopting this prudential maxim. For a time it appears that he indulged himself in the most sanguine hopes of attaining distinction and affluence by the exertions of his pen; and his letters to his friends were filled with visionary prospects of this sort, excusable in a youth not eighteen. It is right to mention, as a proof of the tenderness of his social affections, that the prospect of being able to assist his family, and raise them from their humble sphere, appears to have given him peculiar pleasure; nor did he omit to send them little presents out of his first gains. His taste for dissipation, however, kept pace with his hopes; and he asserts, that "to frequent places of public amusement is as necessary to him as food." Yet it would seem, that with respect to the grosser pleasures of sense, he still preserved a temperate restriction. What occasioned the very sudden change in his expectations, does not clearly appear. He probably found that he had nothing to hope from the patronage of the great, and that he must henceforth depend upon the booksellers for a scanty and hard-earned support. This severely mortified his pride, and seems to have disgusted him with his literary labours. He even wished to quit the scene of his disappointment, and made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the very undesirable post of surgeon's-mate to the coast of Africa. The remainder of his history is short and melancholy. Falling into a state of indigence, which is not easily accounted for, supposing him to have continued his exertions even in a moderate degree, he was reduced to the want of necessary food. Yet such was his pride, that he refused as a sort of insult an

invitation to a dinner with his hostess on the day preceding his death, assuring her he was not hungry. This was on August 24, 1770; and he soon after swallowed arsenic in water, the consequences of which proved fatal on the ensuing day. He was then in lodgings, in Brook-street, Holborn. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-Lane work-house. Thus, a prey to all the horrors of despair, friendless and forlorn, poor Chatterton terminated a life which he had not enjoyed eighteen complete years.

To enter into more minute particulars concerning the moral character of Chatterton seems unnecessary; but the character of his genius demands a further discussion. It seems agreed that its measure should be taken from the poems published under the name of Rowley; for that they are really the product of the age and person to whom he attributed them, is a supposition now abandoned by all who pretend to literary discernment. Their authenticity, it is true, was at first defended by great names, especially of the antiquarian class, who too often have proved the dupes to their fondness for the wonders of antiquity. But, exclusive of strong external marks of suspicion, internal evidence is abundantly sufficient to decide the question. That an unknown writer of the 15th century should, in productions never heard of, but made to be locked up in a chest, so far surpass the taste and attainments of his age, as to write pieces of uniform correctness, free from all vulgarity and puerility, requiring nothing but a change of spelling to become harmonious to a modern ear, and even containing measures peculiar to the present age of English poetry, may safely be pronounced a moral impossibility; that such could be produced by a boy of fifteen or sixteen is only extraordinary. "Rowley's Poems" were first collected in an octavo volume by Mr. Tyrwhit, and afterwards splendidly published in quarto by Dean Milles, president of the society of antiquaries. They consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition; tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Many of them abound in sublimity and beauty, and display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition; yet there is also much of the common-place flatness, and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice. The spelling is designedly uncouth; and the strange words are copiously besprinkled, which good judges say were never the diction of any one age of English literature, but are

culled from glossaries. There is no doubt that these peculiarities have thrown a veil over the defects of the poems, and have aggrandised their beauties, by referring the imagination, even of those who were disbelievers of their genuineness, to remote age, when they would have been really wonders. Yet they must ever be looked upon as very extraordinary productions of a boy, and will perpetuate the name of Chatterton among those of the most remarkable examples of premature genius. Of his avowed writings, a miscellaneous volume was published in 1778, followed by a supplement in 1786. These, though upon the whole inferior to his Rowley, display the same versatility and quickness of parts, and are not without some passages of striking merit. It has been concluded by many of the warm admirers of Chatterton, that had he been born under happier auspices, and lived to the maturity of his faculties, he would have risen to the very first rank of English poetry. But this may be a mistaken opinion. The history of literature affords many instances of the promise of youth remaining unfulfilled in mature years; and it is not unlikely that his imagination would early have exhausted itself, without being succeeded by any other quality of the mind in an equal measure. His disposition appears likewise to have been too volatile to have allowed him steadily to pursue perfection in any one walk. The uncommon talents and melancholy fate of Chatterton have caused many tributes to his memory, some of them in strains highly animated and pathetic. That in these poetical commemorations, his merits should have been exaggerated, his faults extenuated, and his catastrophe represented rather as a stain upon his countrymen than himself, is perhaps excusable; but a deviation from truth in the sober narration of a biographer admits of no apology.

MISCELLANY.

VALMORE AND JULIA.

Valmore was descended from an ancient and reputable family in Britany. His father was a gallant officer, who had served his king and country for the space of thirty years, without receiving any other reward for his services than a distinguished reputation for bravery, and a captain's commission—which at the end of that æra he resigned, and retired to his native country, and a small patrimony which he inherited, with a beloved wife and an only child, the unfortunate hero of the present tale.

When Valmore was about ten years old, his mother died; and from that moment no other object seemed to exist on earth for Captain Valmore but his son. To the care of his education he devoted his every thought; and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his son must be happy, because he was perfectly satisfied that his principles were noble and his heart good. He procured a commission for him from one of his former friends, in the same regiment in which he had served; equipped him properly for the service, and presented him with a hundred louis d'ors, "which" he said, "he had saved from the poor, who should, from that time be heirs to his superfluities."

About a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to see a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud scream. He flew to offer his assistance, and beheld a most beautiful girl, about sixteen who had fainted from the fright and shock she had sustained. He soon released her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore her to a bank before the servants who attended her could come up. A few minutes brought her to herself; and the modest confusion she expressed at finding her head leaning on the bosom of a stranger, completed the conquest which the beauties of her form and features, even in that death-like state had already begun. She expressed her gratitude in the most elegant terms; and as she had received no injury, except fright, from the accident, said, "She would accept of his arm to convey her home, as the distance to her father's house was not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived, she presented him as her deliverer to her mother, Madame de Forhele, who upon hearing his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and pressed him to pass the day with her and the lovely Julia, as Monsieur de Forhele was then absent.

From that time Valmore appeared both to himself, and to every one who saw him, a new being; an idea of happiness which he had never before conceived, animated his whole frame, his eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, he scarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the sound of his voice seemed to vie, for musical sprightliness, with the morning lark.

He rose before the sun next day, in order to renew his visit, mounted his horse, and found himself at Monsieur Forhele's long before any of the family were stirring. He rambled about the adjacent country, impatiently waiting for the rising of his bright luminary; and had again the happiness of pas-

sing the day under her benignant auspices. At this second interview he was introduced to Monsieur Forhele, who received him with civil reserve and distant courtesy; but our hero was by no means sensible of any peculiar flight from his behaviour, as he thought himself in every respect his equal.

The days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them passed without seeing and conversing with his adored Julia, who now seemed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the spot where they first met, and that they of course were destined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea, "What hinders then" said Valmore, as he walked with Julia in the gardens of Forhele, "What hinders me to avow my passion to your father, to implore his consent to our union, to our becoming the happiest pair that the blest sun can see, even in his annual course."

Before Julia could start an objection to this proposal, Monsieur Forhele gave him an opportunity to try its effect, by walking towards them with a countenance full of resentment. Valmore was no physiognomist, he read no face but Julia's. He threw himself at Forhele's feet; declared the ardour of his love; and added, that he hoped his respectful tenderness had inspired his fair mistress with such a predilection in his favour, as to approve his passion.

With the most insulting coldness, Monsieur Forhele replied, "Your alliance, sir, would, doubtless, do me infinite honour; but I am both surprised and sorry that my daughter should have disposed her affections without my consent, as it is not from her choice but mine she must receive a husband, and you are by no means the person I should chuse. I must therefore desire you to retire immediately, and never more repeat your visits here."

When Valmore returned home, the traces of the deepest despair were visible in his countenance; his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cause of his affliction. As soon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief, he exclaimed, "O! sir, receive into your bosom the sighs of a wretch who is weary of existence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the best of fathers! But I will repair my fault, and avow a passion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had passed between him and Julia, and with streaming eyes implored his father to solicit Monsieur Forhele's consent to their union.

The good old gentleman, though softened by his son's distress, saw the folly of his pursuit, and commanded him in the most per-

remptory tone to join his regiment immediately. "There" said he "my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himself worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes heroes; and if your mistress deserves your attachment, fear not that even a father's power can rob you of her heart; no force can subdue a passion founded on esteem. If she can give her affections to another, that ought to console you for her loss, by shewing her to be unworthy of you."

Our young soldiers spirits were fired by this discourse; he tenderly embraced his father, said he was ready to depart, and trusted that his future conduct should never deviate from the noble sentiments which his father's precepts and example had inspired him.

It was impossible, however, that he should set out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the castle of Forhele; but he found means to convey a letter to her, filled with the tenderest professions of love and ever during constancy. In her reply, she approved his resolution; called heaven to witness, that her heart should never be bestowed on any other object, though certain that she never more should see him, as her father's cruelty must quickly end her days: and begged he would forget her, though her last sigh, she vowed, should breathe the name of Valmore.

This tender billet quickly banished all the salutary advice he had received from his father; his passion was augmented by the idea of Julia's sufferings, and to forsake her in such a situation appeared dishonourable. He instantly resolved to rescue her from her father's tyranny; and at all events to become her husband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herself into his arms; adding, "that he had a rich uncle at Falaise, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cherish them both; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family; that there they should be indissolubly joined, and that the study of his whole life should be to render her happy!"

The moment he had sent off this letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulness of his conduct towards his father, and of the anguish he must feel when he should discover his son's flight: but passion triumphed over filial affection; and to avoid the painful sight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he disobeyed, he took leave of him, as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleased at his seeming impatience to become

a soldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and blessed him.

Our young adventurer travelled no further than to the next village, which was about a league from the castle of Forhele, and there waited the return of his messenger with Julia's answer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his distraction when he read the following words:

(To be concluded next week.)

The argument of analogy is the most insecure in deducing an unknown position; it must be ever disputed as the assumed proportion is not evident to the adversary, it may make a sect, but cannot make a philosopher. The Epicureans thought that the happiness of gods was to have no cares of justice. The Indians think that bliss is to sleep. Because Epicurus and Hindou judged from private inclination. Scotus, from the same principle, has deduced the immaculate conception, and on the formation of the fœtus some maintained that the embryo must be all at once formed, because perfection must have its parts: others that the navel were first created, because the centre is the most perfect. Again, some would have the hair, because man is a heavenly plant, and every plant has its roots first in being: Aristotle, the back-bone, because the keel of a ship is the first in its composition: and the graver part at last resolved that the big toe was the first of all, for this is the foundation of the foot, and the foot is the foundation of the body. Not one suspected that the dispute might have been settled by opening the eyes, and looking for the fact as nature had made it, without consulting their learned demonstrations.

In the Literary Journal of 1785, of Petersburg, there is a new discovery mentioned, for which the inventor had obtained a premium from Catharine:—It is a kind of pasteboard which no fire can consume, nor water soften; he proposes it as a necessary lining for the wooden houses of his country, and for cloathing ships of war. As to its second property, it is no secret at present: the former has been examined by a chemist, and found to be nothing else than a preparation of allum. This secret had been a very ancient one, and used in the times of Sylla, at the siege of Athens. The words of Q. Claudius Quadrigarius are:—Sylla then brought his forces to set fire to a tower, which Archelaus had placed there: he came he piled faggots, he set them on fire, and

after an obstinate labour, he could not make the tower take fire, as Archelaus had covered the planks with alum.—Thus, says the proverb, we can scarcely discover with toil the plainest things; nothing is there new under the sun.

It is certain that the wonders of Gulliver have been taken from Lucian's true story: in both we find flying machines, monstrous giants, and unknown countries. But Gulliver has improved on his predecessor:—Lucian tells you, indeed, of people that keep their eyes in a drawer, and lend and borrow them: of men that carry loads in their bellies, and open and shut them under lock and key; of a people with cabbages growing from their back:—but Swift says nothing in vain. The Greek, indeed, has the merit of originality; but no more than Homer had had in the description of Achilles' shield. Swift, like Virgil, combined fact with fancy: he may be read twice; while Lucian is tiresome after half a reading. It would be well worth while to mark the imitations of ancient authors which are now looked on to be original.

WERTER'S EPITAPH.

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, that from below
This grass green hill with steady step doth
press,
Shed sympathetic tears—for, stranger,
know,
Here lies the son of sorrow and distress!

Altho' his soul with every virtue mov'd:
Tho' at his birth deceitful fortune smil'd;
In one sad hour too fatally he lov'd;
When fortune frown'd—and he was sorrow's
child.

Heav'n gave him passions, as she virtue
gave,
But gave not power those passions to suppress;
By them subdu'd, he slumbers in the grave—
The soul's last refuge from terrene distress.

Around his tomb the sweetest grass shall
spring,
And annual flowers shall ever blossom here;
While fairy forms their loveliest gifts shall
bring,
And passing strangers shed the pitying tear.

To a languishing, ugly, talkative old maid.
If you'd be married, first grow young;
Wear a mask; and hold your tongue.

The arch deacon of Clogher has established his poetical fame by turning into verse the legendary tale of the Hermit; sir Isaac Newton is still remembered for having employed his time, as Swift tells us, in drawing strange figures upon a slate. Tho' neither poets, nor dealers in astrology, may we not expect our own little niche in the temple of Fame, by declaring to the world, when and where the devil died, and that he was not buried in Wales as the old song insinuates, but in Bohemia, and in the year 1567, if my author has not mistaken the date, which we think no sensible reader can ever suspect. In the very large and holy book printed at Prague in 1686-7, and called *Anniles S. Ordinis Cisterciensium*, there is one anecdote, though undoubted, yet so strange, that the writer declares he should not have mentioned it, but for the excellent instruction it affords. So let the reader hear with reverence, and not think of laughing. In the days of brother Angelicus there had been laid the foundations of a Cistercian convent, but the walls could not be raised, as some invisible rogue pulled down each night the whole day's work. The brethren prayed, and even sang, but in vain. At last last Angelicus, a holy man, began to consider that if the building went on like the web of Penelope, it could not be finished in many months, and seeing that no harm was done in fair day-light, he concluded that it must be done in the dark: he knew that his brethren and the devil were not on a good footing, and thus reasoning, like Hudibras, from causes to effects, he discovered that the devil must be at the bottom of this hocus pocus. Full of confidence in Heaven, Angelicus sallied out in the night-time, and there he did catch the angel of darkness in the very act of picking out the stones with a crow. He expostulated with the offender at first on the impropriety of such conduct; but finding the other grow abusive, he was forced to show him that he had got his match. He unbraced his girdle, and threw it round the neck of Belzebub, pronouncing in the moment, certain words of incantation, and behold you the devil is now a jack-ass. Angelicus rode him home to the convent, and showed to the abbot and to the brethren what he had caught, and they were not remiss in giving their own share of canonical knocks to the enemy of mankind. He was put immediately to drawing stones, and (such is the force of good example) behaved himself for seven years, that my author exclaims in rapture, *Eone Deus! non jam Daemon sed pecus! Merciful heavens! no longer a fiend but a tame quiet animal! after seven years labour, Uterque Decessit, both departed this life; that is, the saint and*

his ass. The first to happiness, the other ad Tartareum specum, to his stygian cavern. To give the devil his due, it must be fairly acknowledged, that his behaviour for seven years must have been sober and honest, since no charge is made by my author against his moral character during so long a period. It would be high time for him however to leave off his tricks in good earnest: and if he has yet any friend to whom these presents may arrive, it were not amiss to whisper in one of his long ears the good old proverb: honesty, mon ami, is the very best policy. The extreme simplicity of the writer cannot but be admired, after all our laughter. Perhaps it were not worse for the world, if with such genius, piety and learning, as many monks have shewn, mankind had still the infantine credulity of a Cistercian.

Shakespeare, in his second part of Henry VI. has nobly drawn in his John Cade, the impudence, the boasting, and the cruelty of the late French demagogues. Jack Cade calls his ragged crew, fellow kings; Barrere, his ruffian sans-culottes, peuple souverain. Cade promises at his accession to destroy all lords, to murder the rich, to open the prisons, to make it treason to drink small beer, and to make a new world, as it had been in the days of Adam, when every man had a hard hand: but Cade in power forgets his promise; he must then be lord Mortimer, and the king and parliament, and the law of the land. The jacobins threaten destruction to crowned heads, death to aristocrats and nobles; they promise to make the wine a penny the quart, and a pound of bread for a penny; they will give freedom and brotherhood to all mankind. But once established in power they shift the scene. In November 1793, they sent a request to each department, begging the acceptance of the new constitution: they impeached Manuel for having moved for certain honours to be paid to the president. The Lyonnais were destroyed for having refused the constitution, though the Lyonnais were a peuple souverain: Robespierre from the principle of equality, that every man is equal to each, has drawn the consequence that one is not equal to many, and that the citizens should appear bareheaded in the presence of the legislators. Here we see revived the good old right of the strongest. The French commissioners have detected dreadful plots against the state, of which nobody knew any thing at all; where they have no names ready, a dash looks mysterious with death and poison, and gun-powder plots to blow the patriots in the air.

John Cade impeaches lord Say for having sold Normandy to Basimecu, and after a discourse upon his own mercy and justice, hangs up the clerk of Chatham, for his name was Emmanuel.

It is easy, says the politician, to be wise in fortelling the issue when we know it beforehand.

On the retreat of the duke of Brunswick from Chamgaign, each little statesman declared his attempt to have been desperate, though such men would have been foremost in applauding his skill and courage if he had succeeded in this enterprise. However, there is still existing on the case, an opinion of the most systematic politician that ever lived, Nicholas Machiavelli: his words are so pointed and appropriated to our subject that one might be inclined to suspect a fraud, if the author had not been read these two past centuries by all Europe. In the second book of the discourses on Livy, chapter xxxii, this great philosopher proposes to shew that little faith is to be had in the promises of emigrants. "Alexander of Epirus, says he, had been invited by the exiled Lucanians into Italy, where they promised him that by their connections and influence they could make him master of the whole commonwealth. He passed over at the head of his troops, and was murdered by those very emigrants, to whom pardon and safe return had been stipulated by their countryman, on the condition of destroying the king. Themistocles banished from Athens, retired to Persia, and promised a certain conquest of all Greece to Darius. But being ordered by the king to be the captain of this expedition, and seeing his promises not likely to have effect, he became his own murderer through shame, or fear of rigorous punishment. If such a superior manas Themistocles, thus erred what must be the mistake of those so much below him in prudence and genius, who still suffer themselves to be led away by their own caprice or desire of conquest. Let then a government be cautious in trusting to the representations of a banished man, for most frequently it will happen, that he must retire from his project with greatest loss and ignominy:" and after bringing the reasons on which an emigrant is shown to be very bad authority in such cases, he thus concludes: As for taking frontiertowns by stealth or secret intelligence, it is a thing which very seldom can hope for success. This one reflection has canonized the genius of Machiavelli: change but the ancient names, and you have a recent fact shewn in its effects from its principle, since the year 1539.

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 158.)

I shall give these letters to the public as nearly as I can, according to the order in which they are written. The following one seems to have been composed just after the false news had been received of the death of the young gentleman in the East Indies, to whom Amelia had long been promised, but for whom it does not appear that she ever felt more than a great regard.

"MY DEAREST AMELIA,

It has of late become a part of my plan of conduct, to prevent a too great elation or depression under the circumstances of joy or sorrow, by sometimes forcing my thoughts as far as I am able, on subjects which stand opposed to the actual state of things around me. At this moment I ought to be, and really feel myself, one of the happiest beings that walk upon the earth, since I am loved by one of the fairest and worthiest. And yet forgive me if sometimes I steal a few minutes from the happiness that will ever accompany the thought of the sweet avowal you made me yesterday, to devote them to a melancholy subject, which though the foundation of all my joys, does yet continue to tinge them with a sombre sort of colouring. The subject I mean, is the death of the poor youth who had been taught to expect at his return from a long and perilous expedition, the greatest compensation this life could yield him—the hand of Amelia. And yet how could the hand of Amelia have made him happy, without that heart which Amelia tells me was never his?—A truth but lately known to herself, and too late discovered by half the females who receive the profession of their lovers. If however his own passion were as great as he declared it, Gracious god! how great must have been his want of thy merciful consolations to soften the seeming severity of thy decree! How heavy the sentence must have appeared to him, which robbed him even of the gloomy comfort of straining his last looks on his dear Amelia, and of locking up her hand within his own in the struggle of death, as if to perpetuate so sweet a property beyond the grave!

"The other night a dream presented him to me in the moment of his dissolution; and I thought I heard him sigh with these words—"Farewell, dear Amelia: alas! how bitter it is to die at such a distance from thee! Death itself would be sweet in your

society; but since I am never to see thee again with these mortal eyes, my spirit shall seek thee over the wide sea, and present thee with a purer homage when dismantled of this fleshy incumbrance." When I awoke I found my pillow bedewed with tears, which I thought a sufficient tribute to the memory of a departed rival; and turning myself about, went to sleep again, when, by a strange perverseness of fancy, I imagined myself in the same situation in which I had before pictured the poor Horatio. Methought I too died at a distance from Amelia, though no sea was betwixt us; and somehow or other I seemed to have a confused notion that Horatio was in existence, and in perfect health. The agitation which this occasioned within me soon broke through my sleep, and I awoke in terrible perturbation.

"After this I resolved to go to sleep no more, but lay many hours awake, cheering my brain with the prospect of that happiness I am so soon to taste in the undisturbed possession of my beloved Amelia. I pictured to myself our little cottage; stocked our farm with horses, cows, and poultry; made a variety of agricultural arrangements; and employed a full hour in forming a little collection of books, such as I knew would engage my Amelia to sit with me often in my hours of reading and study.

"Ah when will all these happy times come? Already a something at my heart chides this delay. Why must we give up a precious month of our lives to an idle punctilio? Time is so apt to traverse and overthrow the petty schemes and gay promises of life, that I tremble at giving him such latitude to work his mischiefs in; and yet what a sorry calculator am I, who am a being destined to eternity, and can yet be so anxious about a little month! Let it comfort us, sweet girl, to think that so dread an engine as Time is the hands of one that is the rewarder of virtue, and the protector of innocence.

My little vista in the wood begins to look delightful:—I have just made a seat in it which is to be sacred to you, when you deign to pay it a visit; and the wood-bine seems to make haste to grow about it as if it were preparing to receive no vulgar guest. Yesterday evening, as I sat in your little temple, I tried to fill up the vacancy your absence always leaves in my mind, by writing a few verses to a Bee that was playing round me, by way of present to you on this first day of May; a day which I know you love to see honoured."

TO THE BEE.

Daughter of Spring, that ply'st thy many flight,

Telling a love-tale to the list'ning air,
Wherever buds of balmy breath invite,
Borne on thy busy wings of gossamer!

Here, little spoiler, seek the haunts of spring,
For here the hare-bell gives in still retreat;
Here ply thy cares, thy cheerful descant sing,
And fearless sport around my moosy seat:

For here the violet sweet exhales its balm,
And here the rose bud locks the breath of
May;

Nor fear from me the hostile hand of harm,
Ruthless to tear thy treasur'd sweets away.

But haste thee, wand'rer; day's last ling'
ring light

With dying lustre paints the low'ring sky:
Ah! haste thee, wand'rer, ere the treach'
rous night

Conceal some feather'd ruffian hovering nigh.

Go, and with speed unlock thy little cell,
And wind thy welcome horn, that friends
may hear:

Go, in thy waxen chamber peaceful dwell;
For passion, restless passion, riots here.

How blest art thou, to roam to every flower,
Repose thy load, and sink to cloister'd rest!
Ah! could I so repay the weary hour,
And soothe the sorrows of my lab'ring breast!

"How long, my dearest Love, shall I envy the repose of every thing around me, and wait the slow performance of that promise which you have made with those "lips that lock the breath of May," to your faithful and fond

EUGENIO."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

In the following production of David Mallet's we have an elegant specimen of the "warmth of colouring" and poetic melody. All the delicate drapery of Della Crusca is here happily blended with the strength of Ovid's epistles.

TO MIRA.—FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow:
Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er
the plain,
Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train,
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.

These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find;
Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind:
Already I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,
The flutt'ring wish on wing, that will not rest;
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying glow,
Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe;
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well,
These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless
eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent
sigh;
These reach the heart, and bid the health de-
cline;

And these, O Mira! these are truly mine.
She whose sweet smile would gladden all
the grove,
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are
love;
She, gentle Pow'r! victorious softness!—She,
Mira! is far from hence, from love and me;
Yet in my ev'ry thought her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms
combin'd!

Sweetness is hers, and unaffected ease,
The native wit, that was not taught to please.
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature
warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,
And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.
Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
Receive my soul within those folding arms;
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
And see! where Love himself is waiting near;
Here let me ever dwell—for heav'n is here!

The *moon of night*, a poetical expression now so common, was first introduced into our language by Ben Jonson, who appears to have been so diffident of the reception it might meet with, or whether the license he had taken would be approved by custom, that he refers, in the margin, to the author of whom he borrowed it. The phrase is Varro's; in Latin, *meridies noctis*; and it occurs in the sixth chapter of Nonius Marcellus. Would not our language be now much purer had all subsequent writers been so fastidious as Ben Jonson?

The famous Boccacini, in his advertisements from Parnassus, tells us, a critic, presenting Apollo with a very severe censure

upon an excellent poem, was asked for the good things in that work; but the wretch answering he minded only the errors, Apollo ordered a sack of unwinnowed wheat to be brought, and the critic to pick out and take all the chaff for his pains.

We may form some estimate of the inutility of classical learning, from an observation of Dr. Middleton's in a letter to lord Hervey. He says "It is my misfortune to have had so early a taste for Pagan science, as to make me very squeamish in my Christian studies."

With serious truths we mix a little fun,
And now and then we treat you with a pun.

The following original epigram, by the late Mr. Wakefield, was sent by him to a friend. The subject of it was Mr. Foster, formerly of Cambridge, who, on account of his rapidity in conversation, in walking, and more particularly in the exercise of his profession, was called the *flying barber*. He was a great oddity, and gave birth to many a piece of fun in the university, but was an inoffensive honest man.

Tonsor ego: vultus radendo spumeus albet,
Mappa subest, ardet culter, et unda tepet.
Quam versat gladium cito dextra, novacula
lævis
Mox tua tam celeri strinxerit ora meus.
Cedite Romani Tonsores cedite Græci;
Tonsorem regio non habet ulla parem.
Imberbes Grantam, barbati accedite Grantam;
Illa polit mentes, et polit illa genas.

The following is a translation made by an apothecary. The original, in Latin, was by a physician. The subject was a gentleman, many years ago of Cambridge, a physician; and that, as far as we know, was his only fault. For the epigram was written during his life-time, and sent to him as a piece of diversion; at which the physician, the subject of the banter, laughed heartily himself.

Hell, at length, has got hold of that old
rogue X. V.
Whom the citizens there are delighted to
see;

For they think, that since he is come there
to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, he will send
them from hell.

A certain bishop in Europe has directed the spiritual benefactors within his diocese, to preach publicly against the indecency of ladeis' dresses. If we are permitted to judge from some *naked indications* this month, the ensuing summer will witness a demand fully as urgent and exactly similar to that which came from our trans-atlantic brethren. Unless

Hymen sheds his golden fetters round
To quench the artless maidens' fire,
Which quakes with strong volcanic sound,
The tumult of confin'd desire.

Mallet in the following Epigram has handsomely ridiculed those extravagancies which are so frequently professed on trivial occasions.

On a certain Lord's passion for a singer.

Nerina's angel voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights;
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

And a simile in Prior, applied to the same person is not less pungent. It follows:

Dear Thomas! didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas! didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of Simile—
A squirrel spend its little rage
In jumping round a rowling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets too inches higher.

So fares it with this little peer,
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flitting up and down,
And frisking round his cage—the Town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who said this, and who did that?
With Similes that never hit,
Vivacity that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;
Advice oft ask'd, but never taken;
Still whirl'd, by ev'ry rising whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—just where he first begun.

Lessing is very pointed in this epigram:

A midnight-fire, and monks so soon at hand?
The house was of ill fame: you understand?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

A MEDITATION,

On the words "*Arise ye dead and come to Judgment*".

Hark! now I hear the sound of dread,
Those awful words—awake ye dead—
To judgment come without delay,
'Tis now the great accounting day.
Behold th' moon in blood is set,
The heav'n's consume with fervent heat,
Loud thunders roar, destruction falls
And whirls along in flaming balls,
The lamps of day O! horrid sight,
Extinguish'd lie in fatal night.
Now spreading flames from pole to pole
O'er the wide earth devouring roll,
Drink up her seas, dissolve her hills,
And heav'n with smoke and tempest fills.
The last tremendous trumpets sound,
Summons the nations from the ground:—
See how the frightened myriads rise,
And tremble with a dread surprise;
From op'ning graves some croud in haste,
Some are from foaming billows cast;
Departed kings no more are hid
Beneath a pompous pyramid,
But lost within the common throng
Advance with fault'ring steps along.
None are exempted from the call,
The dreadful word resounds to all.

How vast a multitude is here!
How agonis'd mankind appear!
On ev'ry side in crowds they come,
And hasten to their final home.
Hark! the clarion's shrillest tone
Proclaims great Jove upon the throne,
And all the just in hope draw near,
A hope chastis'd with conscious fear:
For who the sovereign Judge can view
And not some signs of terror shew?
The book of life is opened where
Their names in purest leaves appear;
Thrice happy they who fill a line
Mark'd by the hand of God divine.
Their judge and saviour, he whose veins
With cleansing streams wash'd off their stains,
Ye faithful band, he cries, draw near,
To me and to my father dear;
Receive the rich, the vast reward,
So long expected from your Lord,
Design'd for joys at his right hand,
The choice elected number stand.

And now he turns with wrathful eye,
The wicked on his left to try:
The volume of their sin is brought,
With ev'ry act and ev'ry thought;
The mystic book is straight unseal'd,
The secrets of their heart reveal'd;

Conscience the worm that ne'er shall rest,
Now preys upon their guilty breast:—
Go, says the judge—ye cursed go
To darkness, flames and boundless woe,
With demons dwell in lasting pain
Where unextinguish'd fires remain.
See how the helpless wretches fly,
To save them from the danger nigh;
Curse, but too late, their former ills,
And shelter ask from neigh'ring hills,
To neigh'ring hills in vain they call
To crush them by a friendly fall;
Down, down with mighty force the shrieking
crew is hurl'd
And fill the dungeons of Tartarian world.
Now the great tribunal is o'er,
And fate is fix'd for ever more,
The radiant spheres no more shall rise,
They're vanish'd from the desert skies;
The earth's consum'd and in its place
Nothing remains but empty space,
The vicious gone to endless night,
And all the just to realms of light.

ADELOS.

We are seldom indulged with such a
striking contrast as the two succeeding stan-
zas exhibit.

*English translation of the celebrated fragment
of Sappho.*

Blest, as the immortal gods, is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd:—the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted—sunk—and died away!

PARODY ON THE ABOVE. TO A SCOLD.

Curst, as the devil himself, is he,
Th' unhappy wretch who's tied to thee;
Who hears and sees thee, every hour,
Talk so loud, and look so sour.

'Tis this deprives my soul of rest,
This raises horrors in my breast;
For oft, in sudden anguish tost,
My courage fails, my voice is lost.

My hair's erect: unusual dread
O'er all my vital frame is spread;
My scared eye-balls shun the sight;
Deaf are my eyes with dire affright.

Cold sweats my trembling members feel;
Terrific fears my blood congeal:
Resolv'd, at last, no more to stay,
I rise—take breath!—and run away!

STANZAS TO MARY.

O Mary! whilst the beams of joy
Within thy fickle bosom shine,
Thou little heed'st, thou little know'st,
The bitter pangs that torture mine.
Whilst Fancy paints the world serene,
And Hope with wanton song beguiles;
I sigh amidst the crowded scene,
And think on thy deluding smiles.

O Mary! when the bands of sleep
With sweet compulsion seal thine eyes,
Think'st thou the dream that crowns thy rest,
E'er to my couch of sorrow flies!
The only bliss my soul can know,
The only vision that beguiles,
Is just to steal awhile from woe,
And dream of thy deluding smiles.

P. M. JANUS.

A periodical paper has just been published at Dedham, Massachusetts, called the Norfolk Repository, by Herman Mann. The object of this work is the dissemination of political information, generally, morality and polite literature.

"Hail holy flame! divine effulgence hail!
Pure as the virgin blush of breezy morn,
Mild as the fanning of the vernal gale,
Bright as the dew drop on the mountain thorn."

MARRIED—on Thursday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. James Abercrombie, Mr. Lewis Pluright, of Milford, Bucks county, to Miss Hannah Raine, of this city.

Terms of the Repository.—Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly. Distant subscribers to pay half yearly in advance, or obtain sufficient security in the city.

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